

THE GATEWAY

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS' UNION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

VOL. XXXII, No. 11.

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1941

FOUR PAGES

Hold First Varsity Student Opinion Poll

Atlantic Charter New Magna Carter--Newton

Says Coming Post War Order Likely Diversify, Stabilize Prairie Economy

Sees Churchill-Roosevelt Meet as Promise of New Principles for World Organization

IN ADDRESS TO MUNICIPAL DISTRICTS ASSOCIATION

Youth to Play Leading Role

Need for a world outlook in every nation in order to attain a world society and a stable peace was stressed Thursday by Dr. Robert Newton, Acting President of the University, in an address to the thirty-third annual convention of the Alberta Association of Municipal Districts, at the Macdonald Hotel. Dr. Newton spoke on the subject, "What the Atlantic Charter Means to Western Canada."

Open Forum Arranges Novel Debate Nov. 26

"Resolved that Arts Courses Should be Suspended From the University for the Duration of War"

HOT DISCUSSION EXPECTED

At 8 p.m. on Wednesday, Nov. 26th, the Debating Society will present the first open forum of the season in Med. 158.

The subject under discussion will be: "Resolved that Arts courses should be suspended from the University for the duration of the war." Upholding the affirmative, Gerry Amerongen and Orville Olsen will try to persuade the audience that Universities should be closed until after the war to all students except those taking science courses, such as Engineering, Medicine, etc. On the other side, Jack Raskin and Joe Shor will defend the students in Arts, Law, etc. The subject, one of vital concern to all University students, leaves wide room for discussion, and all students are invited to attend and take part in the open discussion following the short introductory debate.

According to a statement by Jim Ross, president of the Debating Society, the job of picking the teams to represent Alberta in the McGoun debates will soon be performed, and all those interested in making a bid for a position on the team is asked to get in touch with Jim or Gene Labrie at the earliest possible date. Further particulars as to the debates and eliminations, etc., will be posted soon on the notice boards, and the deadline for entries will be set. This year Alberta again travels to Saskatchewan, and it is hoped that this year we will be able to field two teams that will bring the trophy home with them for a change.

House Dance Saturday Night

The House Dance is always "more fun than a picnic." Everybody says so and everybody should know, because everybody goes. The one this Saturday night is going to be different, though. Of course, the only way any house dance could be different would be to be better (if possible) than the one before. This one promises--incredible as it may seem--to be just that.

Maybe it's because there has been a change in the weather; maybe it's because there are only about thirty days before Christmas; or maybe it's because Joe has finally landed a date with the super-smooth Sue he's been in a dither about since the night that--but anyhow, the swing will be a little sweeter on the waltzes, just a little hotter on the jive, and just exactly right all the rest of the time. We guarantee you'll hear more horrible jokes to keep from laughing at, meet more swell people that you didn't even know existed, and have more fun "than a picnic."

Am I repeating myself? Well, anyhow, it's all a terrific whirl and we'll see you in it at the House Dance. Oh, yes, I almost forgot to tell you: "Please don't cut in every time I dance with Her--ya rat!"

PHILOSOPH DEC. 3

Students, do you realize that the Philosophical Society is the only place where students and professors meet, on common ground? Did you know that you are invited to attend their meetings and take part in the discussion? Did you know that the Philosophical Society will meet in the Med amphitheatre on Wednesday evening, Dec. 3. The speaker for the evening will be Mr. Salter. His topic, "Useless Knowledge." That should strike home to most of us.

"Announce That Fort Fitzgerald Eskimos Run Plains of Abraham Club"--This is News

By J. C. Gordon Brown

Twice every week The Gateway brings you a page of Varsity news--reports on club activities, stories about achievements of students and members of the faculty, highlights of speeches made on the campus, and advances on coming activities. The news page makes The Gateway the student newspaper.

Everyone knows what news is, or what it is supposed to be. If a man charms a snake a paper usually doesn't bother mentioning it, but if the snake charms a man, there is a mad scramble by reporters from every paper and syndicate in town to interview said snake. Put that little fable into dimensions of U. of A. life and you will see what the news staff of your paper is looking for when it goes over Varsity affairs to get reports of events which catch the eye of every Gateway reader.

You don't want to know that Miss Undergraduate Jones poured tea at the last meeting of the Plains of Abraham Club, and that "a very good time was had by all."

"Bless 'em for their 'good time,'" you will say. However, if you learn that, as the secretary read the minutes of the last meeting, Miss Freshette Brown interjected excitedly, "This club is being run by a cabal of Fort Fitzgerald Eskimos," you will probably desire to learn who Miss Brown is and who the villains working behind the scenes at the Plains of Abraham society are. You will begin to doubt that the Plains of Abraham Club is the ancient and venerable association it has claimed to be. And you may, if you can, begin a campaign to revive the downcast sisterhood. You have been given the vital facts of that meeting, and the report you read has caught your attention. It has been "news."

A paper, it is said, should reflect the prevailing opinion of the community it serves and should lead

that opinion to the extent that it makes it better informed. That is the reason The Gateway emphasizes in its reports those statements of faculty members, students and visitors which individually are acute, worth-while generalizations and which, collectively, will make up that intangible something--or other we call "student opinion." And that is why, beginning this edition, we are devoting a column to the replies of campus-goers to questions of importance on affairs academic and social, national and international. It is of much greater value for a solitary student to find out what the majority of his fellows think of matters in general than to be confronted with a maze of cold, lifeless particulars which concern only a secluded section of the student body.

We are told by some that it would be heretical to print news about Canadian and world affairs on the news page of the Students' Union paper of a University. Why? Are we content to lead our own sheltered, isolated life, unimpressed by the currents of Canadian thought, forgetful of the problems and sufferings of the other 99.9 per cent. of the population? This edition of The Gateway does not intend to neglect such matters.

Today the burning question in our national life is that of our war effort. Have we developed war on a total war basis? Is our man-power mobilized effectively? Queries such as these are raised by everyone of twelve million Canadians. Varsity students argue them, too. Their importance is of prime intensity. The Friday news page will not fail to mention them.

News policy, news page, news paper. That's our set-up and those are our aims. And if you find us detailing to you the minutes of clubs instead of the man-biting-the-dog aspects, tell us so, and come on along to see that we don't repeat this mistake.

Arts, Medical Building Designed By Former Head of Architecture

In spite of the fact that he is no longer with the University, faculty members and students who are familiar with him will always remember Mr. Burgess. He was with the Department of Architecture for sixteen years, and during that period did a great deal of fine work for the University.

He came to Canada from the "Old Country," where he learned Architecture under the apprenticeship system. He settled in Montreal and practised architecture there. While there, he was an instructor in the Arch. Department. It was through this connection that Dr. Tory, U. of A.'s first President, got in touch with Mr. Burgess, and asked him to come to Alberta to take the position of resident architect. Mr. Burgess accepted, and came west in the spring of 1913. As the academic session for 1913 was drawing to a close, Mr. Burgess was asked to plan his architectural course for the following autumn. Also, he started to work on plans for Pembina Hall. During the summer he designed Pembina, and in the following spring work was begun on it.

It must be remembered that at the time of Mr. Burgess' arrival the only buildings on the campus were Athabasca and Assiniboia Halls, and St. Stephen's College. During the years to come, Mr. Burgess was fated to have a hand in the alteration of this scheme.

During the summer and fall he designed and built six of the houses which one may see over on the little campus or, as we know it now, Campus Way.

In 1913 Mr. Burgess started to draw plans for the Arts Building. He was working in association with Nobbs and Hyde, a large architectural firm in Eastern Canada. To this firm had been assigned the task of planning the University campus, back in 1911.

War broke out in 1914, and except for seven days during which financial negotiations were completed, construction on the Arts Building was never halted. That is indeed a remarkable thing, when we consider how upset and disrupted things must have been then. Those people who carried on with their task regardless of the conditions existing then should certainly be complimented.

If a few will recall, you will likely remember that at the time the Arts Building was being constructed the South Lab. was begun, too. As a matter of fact, I believe that the Lab. was included in the plan for the Arts Building. However, the South Lab. then was only about a third of its present size. And fortunately, the plans were altered, and the North Lab. (its present size) was added as well as lengthening the South Lab. During all these operations, Mr. Burgess was always there with his skilled knowledge. It was he who supervised the building of these structures.

Mr. Burgess, in an interview, told that for every building that is constructed an architect or group of architects usually submits about twenty or thirty plans before finally arriving at the best one. The Arts Building today is concrete evidence that Mr. Burgess and his associates

"What Do You Think of Electing a Co-ed Colonel?" Is First Question Asked

Some Say Idea Screwy, Others Approve

AFFIRMATIVE ANSWERS PREDOMINATE

Say Honorary Co-ed Colonel Would Help Unit Spirit

One fine day as I walked along the halls, I was struck by an idea: "Why not have a column in The Gateway devoted to student opinions on various subjects?" So armed with this idea, and nothing else, I ambled into the office in quest of the ed. Having found him and explained the idea, I was surprised to hear him say: "That's fine, go on out and get one of these things ready for the paper on Friday." So there I was, and here it is.

The question with which I aimed to confront any students whom I happened to meet was this: "What do you think of the idea of electing a co-ed on the campus to the post of Honorary Colonel?" Of course, I explained to them that this was no new idea, as it has been done by most of the Universities in the United States and Eastern Canada, and the purpose of the question is to find out whether the student opinion here would favor this move or oppose it.

So out into the Arts rotunda I went, and soon my first victim approached. It was Alf Davies, a Fresh Engineer, and when I popped the question on him he came out with the following: "I don't think there would be much practical use, but it would be a good thing for the girl elected, especially if her number was in the directory."

Next person I met happened to be a girl, and since this question should concern the girls, I asked her the question. Her name, June Craig. Her answer: "Yes, it's a good idea; in fact, it's a very good idea. It fits in with the fact that co-eds are doing war work, and it might even make the boys in O.T.C. a bit more enthusiastic. Maybe it might even help school spirit."

Aha, I thought to myself, everybody likes the idea--maybe there is something to it, after all. Thus happily preoccupied, I bumped into Cec Lewis, and decided to see what he thought. He said: "I'm strictly agin it. Why? Because I want the job myself. No, don't think that a girl would be better suited for the position, because they (women) run the show anyway, and they don't need the position."

That was my first negative result, and it turned out to be the last, for Jim McBride, the next one I met, had this to say: "I think it is a good idea, but do we have to salute her? I think it would be a good thing to help promote school spirit, as witnessed by the results of similar proceedings in other Universities."

With this Jim left, and the next in line turned out to be Isabel Dean, who had this to say: "I think it's a swell idea. It would show that equality with men is on the way. I think it would be a real boost to Varsity spirit, and that is just what we need. It might even make the boys fight harder for the different championships if they had someone like that to impress with their ability."

Feeling quite satisfied with myself, I strolled over to Tuck to see who else there was to interview and found a very willing subject in the person of Gordon Cornie, who came out with the following philosophy: "It's O.K., providing that the selection is run democratically and the position is strictly honorary. But on the other hand, don't you think it might cause dissension among the co-eds? Anyway, the students around this University have about the least school spirit possible, and this might bring into being a lively interest in student affairs and activities."

After Gordon's well stated arguments, I felt that another opinion from a girl should be the final one, and so I scouted around for one of the co-eds, and found Secord Jackson, who said: "It's a good idea if she were to get herself some majorettes--one girl shouldn't have all the glory. It's time something interesting happened around this campus, and this is the best idea." So, all in all, you see that the consensus of opinion seems to be in favor of such an occurrence, and it might be a good thing now if some of the boys around the campus got together and tried to get their girlfriends elected. Of course, if you don't agree with the opinions expressed, you can always write a letter, and the editor will be only too glad to use it to fill in space. With this happy thought, I leave you until we again present "Student Opinion, or Can It Happen Here?"

NOTICE

Remember the Musical Club "Mozart" program on Sunday evening, Nov. 23, at 9 o'clock, in St. Stephen's College. The club executive have arranged an enjoyable program for music lovers.

Outdoor Club Sponsors Theatre Party for Students

Entire Student Body Welcome

EMPRESS THEATRE PROMISES RATE

Calling all students at the University of Alberta, calling all Outdoor Club members, calling all skiing enthusiasts, calling all swing fans. No, this is not a copy of a police broadcast, but just a novel introduction to an invitation for all students. The Outdoor Club is sponsoring a theatre party, an exciting party for all interested. Wednesday evening, Nov. 26, the club will entertain students at "Sun Valley Serenade," now showing at the Empress Theatre.

For students interested in outdoor sports--skiing, skating and the like--for students interested in "swing," and I do mean swing--a la Glen Miller--for students who enjoy a good show at a cut-rate price, this is the chance of a lifetime. The Empress has quoted the club a cut-rate for all members of the theatre party which is not limited to club members.

The time and the place of meeting has not been arranged, but watch the bulletin boards for these details. They will be on the Outdoor Club calendar.

During the last few weeks some of the members have really been working hard on cabin improvements. Betty Mason, a graduate member, undertook the making of some much needed curtains for the windows. The bright plaid of the material will certainly improve the interior. Ralph Hargreaves and Jim Ballantyne laid a new cement hearth in front of the fire-place.

Sunday's work party really did work, and I mean work. New areas were cleared and the wood burned. The skill hill is now nearing completion, and the improvements made by the hard-working club members are unbelievable. After the work session all returned to the cabin for a short hour of square dancing. Lots of good coffee and refreshments rounded out the afternoon.

Another work party has been called for this Sunday at 2 p.m., for no matter how much is done there is always something that remains. Remember, many hands make light work.

Chorus Chosen For Philharmonic

Last Tuesday night, at the regular chorus rehearsal of the Philharmonic Society, Alex Kevan, director of the chorus, conducted voice tests for the girls.

As a result, the following girls have been chosen to comprise the chorus for the society's presentation of "The Pirates of Penzance," to be produced at the end of January: Marion Allen, Ruth Baker, Carol Cootie, Jean Fowler, Jean Fryer, Betty Mason, June McCaig, Marjorie McFarland, Gwen McLane, Sylvia Ness, Madalen Overend, Dore Tanner, Claire West, Joan White, Rena Wishart, Margaret Anderson, Beth Empey, Margaret Fulton, Joan Garrett, Florence Harman, Audrey McLeod, Peggy Molloy, Bea Morrison, Jean Murray, Mary Francis, Bea Russell, Jean Selkirk, Betty Towerton, Gladys Vickery.

Some changes may be made in the personnel in January, after the results of the Christmas examinations are published, but until then the people mentioned above are urgently requested to turn out to all rehearsals. There will be a chorus rehearsal on Saturday afternoon in St. Joseph's auditorium, commencing at 2 o'clock.

NOTICE

InterVarsity Christian Fellowship will hold a social evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Algar, 1131 83rd Ave., on Thursday evening, Nov. 27, at 8 p.m.

THE GATEWAY



Published each Tuesday and Friday throughout the College Year under authority of the Students' Union of the University of Alberta, Edmonton, Alberta.

MEMBER OF CANADIAN UNIVERSITY PRESS

Advertising rates may be had upon request to the Advertising Manager of The Gateway, Room 151 Arts Building, University of Alberta. Subscription rates: \$2.00 per year in the United States and Canada.

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THE postmaster received 180 Christmas cakes. They did not look like Christmas cakes. They were more like miniature kettle drums bound tightly in cotton cloth. On one side of the drums were addresses, written in ink, that would direct them across the seven troubled seas to find men in out of the way places.

The cakes were prepared through the co-operation of the Alumni Association and the Household Economics department. Mr. G. B. Taylor, the assistant registrar of the University and secretary of the Association, has compiled a list of the names and addresses of all students, graduates and faculty members on active service. In this he has been ably assisted by Miss Mary Carlyle of the Registrar's office. It has been no small task to locate these men, and to keep the list up to date. The Association provided the Household Economics department with the materials for making the cakes. Coffee tins, in which they were baked, were contributed by people on and off the campus. Under the supervision of Miss McIntyre, co-eds spent spare evenings doing the baking. Other girls wrapped and addressed them. All in all, many hands have made possible the sending of these cakes to our men overseas.

Will these cakes be appreciated? Here are a few extracts from letters received last season:

"In yesterday's mail I received a present—in fact, up to date it is the first Christmas present that I have received from overseas. I sincerely appreciate your thoughtfulness.

"Christmas Eve all the ex-students of the U. of A. are holding a party in our quarters, and we'll celebrate by opening your cake and other eatables received from home. . . .

"Just a note to thank you very much for the very tasty cake that came along in good time for Christmas. It arrived in excellent condition and was very much appreciated, as is the good will that was responsible for it.

"You will be glad to know, too, that a good many of the other U. of A. boys here received their parcels intact; and as far as our unit is concerned, I believe they all arrived safely, in spite of Mr. Hitler's activities on the Atlantic.

"Will you kindly convey our thanks and best wishes for 1941 to all members, and particularly those executive members who we know must have worked hard and long to make these gifts possible."

The student body, too, thanks those who are responsible for sending the cakes to the men overseas.

WHEN University students returned to the campus last September they found many things changed. No change was greater than the presence of several hundred airforce men in our residences.

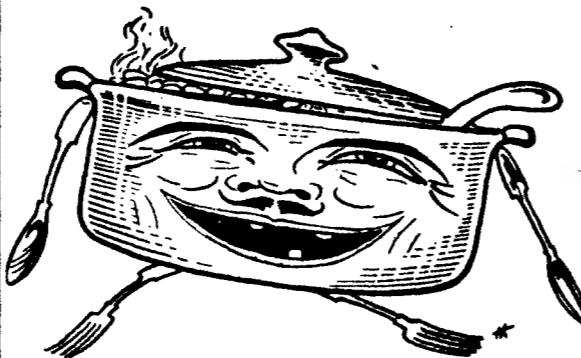
At the beginning there might have been apprehensions regarding the ability of the two groups to get along with each other. All reason for such uncertainty has passed. Relations between the two groups have been highly commendable.

THE AIRFORCE ships between the two groups ON THE CAMPUS has been highly commendable.

Today students scarcely realize that there are airforce men on the campus. As someone has said, "They go their way, and we go our way, and everybody is happy."

Perhaps this is the best arrangement. If the University had attempted to bring the airforce into

CASSEROLE



Anatomy Professor—What are the names of the bones in your hand, Mr. Blunt?
Mr. Blunt—Dice.

French Sentry—Halt, who goes there?
Voice—American.
French Sentry—Advance and recite "The Star Spangled Banner."
Voice—I don't know it.
French Sentry—Proceed, American.

Mary had a little lamp,
It was well trained, no doubt,
For every time her sweetie came
The little lamp went out.

Blinks—Why, Jinks, you have your socks on inside out!

Jinks—Yes, my feet got hot, so I turned the hose on them.

Nowadays nobody cares how bad your English is, as long as your Scotch is good.

"Bunk," muttered the sailor, as he climbed into bed.

First Student—Do you know that girl over there?
Second Student—Yes, she's Helen Carrs.
First Student—How's she on a park bench?

Girls when they went out to swim
Once looked like Mother Hubbard.
Now they have a different whim,
They dress more like her cupboard.

Said a professor, speaking on the social development of Canada: "Changes in methods of production bring with them great increase in the population." No comment needed.

Our very best circles declare
Some couples don't play on the square,
They make a triangle,
Become a wreck-tangle,
When they octagon as a pair.

"You are a little goose," remarked a young M.D. playfully to the girl he was engaged to marry.
"Of course I am," was the laughing response.
"Haven't I got a quack?"

"I can read my husband like a book."
"Then be careful to stick to your own library, my dear."

Epitaph:
Here's to the memory of Silas Grey,
Who died defending his right of way;
He was right—dead right—as he sped along,
But he's just as dead as if he'd been wrong.

closer contact with the student body by inviting them to our social functions, or by some other means, relations might not have been so harmonious. Some may feel that we should entertain these men, all of whom are away from home, and not a few of whom are lonesome. Commendable as this may be, it unfortunately raises the possibility of friction. Trouble would not be welcomed by responsible people in either the University or the airforce.

So they go their way and we go our way. Now and then we meet some of the fellows. They are from all parts of Canada and the United States. One American said, "There isn't any real difference between us from the States and you up here, except that you say 'house' and we say 'hoawse.' Where do you people get that accent?" Just as there is little difference between the Americans and the Canadians, so there is little difference between the airforce and the students. Underneath we are one and the same. The greater part of the airforce men are greatly interested in becoming wireless air gunners, observers and pilots. Some are in because they want something risky to do, others want a chance at Germany. All have a great job to do, and we thank them for doing it.

It is nine o'clock Wednesday evening. "This is your Gateway newscast," says a rich full voice. "We bring you highlights of events on the University campus."

The announcer is Ralph Weir, a Commerce student and former announcer on a Calgary radio station. He is associated with Evelyn Peterson, another Commerce student, who covers the news from the LISTEN IN feminine viewpoint. The program is designed not so much for University students as for friends of the University scattered throughout Alberta. Above all, it is for the parents of students attending Varsity.

Students are asked to let the folks back home know that this program is being carried. Remind them that news of the campus is on the air Wednesdays at 9:00 p.m. In Edmonton, the news is carried over Station CKUA; in Calgary, over Station CJCJ.

Pearl S. Buck
Writes a Letter
To The Times

To the Editor, New York Times.

Your editorial of Nov. 12, "The Other Side of Harlem," denies the basic cause for the situation in our country of which the new manifestation of crime in Harlem is only a symptom slight enough for what it signifies. Nor are the constructive measures proposed sufficient. It would be impossible for any accumulation of social welfare work to solve the situation which produces crime in Harlem. We all know that merely to make arrests and impose jail sentences can be nothing but an emergency measure, and one which promises no fundamental improvement for the future. But equally palliative are the efforts of welfare workers on the basis upon which they are now organized.

The reason why colored Americans are compelled to live in ghettos, where they are helpless against high rents and miserable housing, is the segregation to which race prejudice compels them. Race prejudice compels colored people to take what work they can get because there are so many jobs Negroes cannot get. Race prejudice makes and keeps Negroes wages low because some labor unions will not admit colored labor on the same basis as white labor. Race prejudice, and race prejudice alone, is the root of the plight of people in greater and lesser Harlems all over our country.

As a result of the effects of race prejudice a very serious conviction is gradually becoming settled in the minds of colored Americans all over our country. They are coming to see that what they have been taught and believed is not true—namely, that if colored people can be patient and good and show themselves obedient and humble they will inevitably prove themselves worthy citizens and will therefore receive the awards of full citizenship. They are beginning to believe, and this in very large numbers, that individual or even collective worth as human beings gain them nothing so long as they are Negroes. The hopelessness natural to their race is now changing to despair. Colored leaders are saying today that no amount of achievement will gain anything for the colored people as a whole, and that, moreover, they no longer believe the people of the United States will fight for democracy. Americans may fight to live and do as they like, they say, but not for democracy.

This conviction of some colored leaders and many more colored people is rapidly permeating the whole twelve millions. When hope is taken away from a people, moral degeneration follows swiftly after. Young colored men and women today are giving up hope of justice and security in their own country. When this hopelessness reaches down to certain strata in any society, outbreaks of crime are inevitable. We must expect it in many places besides Harlem. It has already occurred in other cities.

The swiftness with which this long gathering despair has come to a present head is due, perhaps more than to any other immediate cause, to the refusal of the major of the defense industries to employ colored labor on anything like a basis with white labor. To the colored American this is final proof of the hopelessness of his plight, that even in the defense of his country he is not allowed his share of the work.

Nor do adolescents have race prejudices in anything like the degree that older people have. Recently in Texas there were a championship white football team and a championship colored football team at high schools in the same city. Of course, their managers and coaches would not schedule them to play each other. But the white team went out one morning by secret arrangement and played the colored team. They said to their coach when they returned, "We just wanted to see which of us was better." As it happened, it was a tie game, and though there is symbolism enough in that ideal ending, the significance of the incident, and of plenty of others like it, is that the boys, colored or white, had no prejudice against each other.

Intelligent white people seldom suffer from race prejudice so severely as the ignorant ones, and there are many who would, if they dared, acknowledge that they have none whatever. But too few dare. For wherever the disease of race prejudice is found it is bitter and incurable, and dies only with death.

But if nothing can remove race prejudice from those in whom it is ingrained, they should not be allowed to violate our nation's democracy. At least our government can and should see to it that all Americans shall have equal economic opportunity, and that colored people in this democracy shall not suffer insult because of their color. It can and should insist that colored citizens shall share responsibility with white citizens for the welfare of the nation, and thus remove the chief reason for the half-tolerant, wholly patronizing contempt of the white for the colored, and thereby build in the colored citizens belief in himself. Democratic government must keep pace of science and realize that there is no basis beyond prejudice for the belief that one race is intrinsically superior to another. Continued injustice may make anyone inferior, temporarily, regardless of his color.

I read with complete approval of every plan to better the conditions under which colored people must live and work. But until race prejudice is conquered and its effects removed, the bitter fact remains that the colored American knows he will not get a better job for being better educated and better housed or for having in his childhood more play-

grounds. He will not be given an equal chance with the white American of his class and ability. Race prejudice will still deny democracy to him.

Are we Americans to go on accepting the stupidities of race prejudice? I know the oft-repeated wearisome defense. Intermarriage is the fearful specter behind everything. On that there is but one answer. Are we to deny to 12,000,000 Americans the rights and privileges of our country, and are we to risk our very democracy itself, by maintaining a determined ruler subject relationship between white and colored, because some day a few white and colored individuals may choose to marry each other?

Is democracy right or is it wrong? If it is right, then let us dare to make it true.—Pearl S. Buck in a letter to the New York Times.

They Did Not Fail

The phrase "What did it get you?" which President Roosevelt yesterday borrowed from Sergeant York, is a pungent Americanism. The man who asks it wants to be shown. You can't kid him. His answer to a burst of eloquence is likely to be, "And so what?" or "Yeah?" with a rising inflection that goes right through the roof.

But this skeptical individual can be met on his own ground. The American soldiers who died in our war of 1917-8 got nothing. No pensions to their families, no monuments, no speeches, can ever give them anything. It is for precisely that reason that we honor them. They and their surviving comrades did get something for the rest of

us. They did, in the President's words, "save their country from a terrible danger of that day." It is not their fault that the peace they won was not preserved. It is the fault of the living who did not maintain the faith for which so many died.

The very completeness of their victory, as the President poignantly remind us, made us forget why they fought. The post-war blunders came to seem the only realities, the averted danger a fantasy. We know better now, for the averted danger has returned, in a form more terrible than before. The continent of which we washed our hands is controlled by a Power that menaces our own freedom. The League, which with our help might have prevented the present catastrophe, died under the weight of our scorn, our fears and our neglect.

—New York Times.

The taste
that charms
and never cloy



You'll welcome ice-cold "Coca-Cola" just as often and as surely as thirst comes. You taste its quality, the quality of genuine goodness. Ice-cold "Coca-Cola" gives you the taste that charms and never cloy. You get the feel of complete refreshment, buoyant refreshment. Thirst asks nothing more.

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED
EDMONTON

You trust its quality

SENIORS!

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have your year book photo
taken!

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NOVEMBER 29th

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for Your Photograph

should be the aim for the 1941-42 YEAR BOOK

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SLIDE RULE SLANTS- by an Engineer

Gather round, all you followers of the beer wagon, as we head off to the first bar of this year's "bull" sessions.

Sad indeed is the scene inside of the Engineers' Literary Office, for after seven years of hash-slugging in these halls, our old friend and fellow Engineer, Herb S. Wilson, has left us and the Slide Rule Slants to carry on as best we can. Yeah—he graduated.

Perhaps a story of one of Herb's famous gags would be in place here. It seems that Herb was on parade at Sarcee one day last year when the Officer Commanding was going around getting the names of all the men. On coming up to Herb he fired the usual query, "Name?"

"Wilson, sir—H. S. Wilson—H2S—just call me Stinky."

And while we are on the subject of the Army, there is the story of that smart platoon C-7. This platoon of some 30 or more rugged individuals is entirely made up of Engineers. There are Miners, Chemists, Civils and Electricals—all out for Army beer. By my friends, and get this, that mighty crew is commanded by a "Corn" Ag Sergeant. What next? Oh, what necks?

You can always depend on the Engineers to find something to while away their time instead of listening to lectures. A few years ago the 40-beer men engaged themselves in a game called Tro-Da-Lid, in which they chucked around a lid off a tin can. But this year the boys have gone out after the finer arts—but yes, they're singing. No longer are the vocal cords confined to the beer shop and bar-room, for any hour of the day from Tuck to Athabaska you may hear an Engineer blossoming forth with anything from "Gems from Aufweidersein" to "Godiva was a Lady."

Perhaps it all got its start at the recent smokers where General Ben Samuels has been leading the packed houses through all sorts of vocal battles. And then there is always that trio of LaZerte-Harris-Wampler dishing up a cowboy version of "You Are My Sunshine."

But the wonder of all wonders are

the three hardy Engineers who are holding down the base section of the Philharmonic Chorus.

Well, tonight is the big night. Grab a co-ed, an E.S.S. card and a little coin and high-tail it to Convocation Hall for one of the most scrumptious times you ever had. You couldn't exactly call it a hoe-down, and you couldn't exactly call it a formal, for it will have the advantages of both. You can come in your mucker's suit or you can come in your tux; you can come sober or you can come straight out of a Math lecture; but come. Never before in the history of good times has such an affair been offered. There will be movies to start with, then a dance to the jive of one of the best bands in the land—in person. But that's not all. There will be those famous Engineer skits and all sorts of games. For the price, how could you ever afford to miss it?

All those Waw-Waw investments of the co-eds will surely reap bumper dividends with an invitation to that dance tonight.

Freshmen come and Freshmen go, but you will have to go a long way to beat this year's crop of the bare-kneed clan. Every Tuesday afternoon the meek lads creep into Convocation Hall for a Drawing 4 Lab, where a tall, dark overbearing man plays around with lines like Petty does with curves. But as any man will promptly tell you, this course is no snap, and the boys have quite a struggle trying to draw the different objects on paper.

A struggle, yes, but not for one ingenious Frosh. Instead of struggling into the lab like the rest of the fellows, our friend swished up to the door, parked his kitty-car and strutted inside. On reaching his desk he pulled out a wad of Plasticine—he probably got it at a kindergarten class with the 4th period before—and made a model of the object he had to draw. The rest was easy. He just climbed all over the desk looking at his masterpiece from all angles and slapped it down on paper.

Perhaps this same ingenious Freshman might enlighten us as to where we might obtain the models (or reasonable facsimiles) for a drawing course in Lab. 50.

This week's poetry contribution comes from Mucktr Joe Prebroy, who can currently be heard muttering into his beer.

Her was went away from I,
Her has left I all alone.
Will her ever come back to I?
Oh, it cannot was.

Beer seems to be the only thing that Engineers hang on to these days. We had some beautiful signs made in which to post notices of coming events; so beautiful were they that no one could pass by without stopping to glance at them. But now we have them no more, for some obliging soul has taken them for his own, and now proudly displays them on his bedroom wall. Now please, fellows, we need these; why not put them back?

L. E. Smith once had a lovely Duplex Slide Rule, but it too has gone. Where to, we don't know, but Smitty will gladly hand you a cold buck if you will find it for him. After all, what kind of an Engineer is a slide-ruleless Engineer?

See ya tonight.

Pharmacy Phax

By
Dr. I. Killenmkwick

Prescription:

Take Thou:
One week full of lectures and labs. and try and find time for social activities;

One week of nights full of "debit and credit" and try and keep your mental "balance";

If you can do these things and still wear a smile, you'll be a man some day maybe, and you'll make a d—good druggist.

Mix
With one boy who wants to know who owns this horse "Quinnella" that won all the races this summer.

Add
A few of the boys who took advantage of Nov. 11 to declare war on our "feathered friends" down Leduc way. Few "birds were shot," but the fellows say they saw some pretty nice "chickens" on the street there. The same report comes from Ponoka, where one of our men was dispensing good humor over the holiday.

To This Add:
Merv Daum, who, after his recent visit to the Arctic wastes, is available to give lessons in wooing "Igloo" style.

Throw In:
Some Vitamin "E" and "Pea Soup" which the boys have been heard ordering at Tuck since Dr. Cliff's recent lecture on Vitamins.

Add:
Sufficient congratulations to the boys who helped beat the Aggies last Saturday. Yeh, yeh, Pharm-Med-Dent.

Add To This:
A tutor for Marg McKechnie in accounting. Come on, some of you fellows who made 100 per cent, here is your chance to show her that the age of chivalry isn't past, even though Wa-Wa is. There might even be some free cokes in it, boys.

If To This You Add:
One pair of Texas women who kept a pair of "the roughest, toughest, gold-danged hembres who ever threw a rope on a crock of Old Crow" in a stampede for a whole week, you will have this week's prescription.

Directions:
To be taken in small doses and repeated next week on Friday.
—Dr. I. Killenmkwick.

'Art'ful Thoughts

By
The Drip

"Personally," remarked The Drip, with a wise inflection, "I'm a reactionary. Liberalism is an antiquated nineteenth century intellectual affectation—utterly unsupportable in the light of international affairs since eighteen-seventy." He mumbled to a halt, unwilling to muddle the clarity of his statement with objectionable statistics.

The Droop slid his nasty, dissipated self farther down into the soft chair, looking also wise and disagreeable, just for the sake of argument.

"The revolution in Germany is a natural consequence of our unwillingness to accept this fact." The Drip placed his hand upon his chest and looked responsive.

The Droop looked happy. He was mentally re-living his last beer-fight, seeking an argument with which to oppose The Drip's devastating logic.

At this point in the monologue, The Representative of the Elder Generation (hereafter to be known as R.O.T.E.G., or Roteg for short), strolled up and gushed at them: "And what are you two dear boys arguing about?"

"Political Science," snapped The Drip, kicking The Droop on the ankle to bring his mind out of the gutter.

"How nice," said the Roteg, renewing his gush. "I think university students talk about such interesting things. And where are you taking at the university?"

"Arts," said The Drip, in a slightly deprecating tone.

"Arts," mumbled The Droop. "Oh, I see—Arts." in a must-be-something-but-what-the-hell-is-it tone of voice.

"Yes, just Arts," explained The Droop, with a gay lifting chuckle ending halfway in a strangled glug. "Oh, yes, how nice," said the Roteg, with hypocritical interest at its height. "I just love artists."

"We are not artists," growled The Drip, summoning all his intellectual intolerance. "We are students of the Liberal Arts."

The Roteg looked bewildered, and began to look uneasily about for an avenue of escape.

"We," The Drip paused for the necessary effect, "are intellectuals." "What do you think of Schopenhauer?" snapped The Droop, by way of illustration.

The Roteg was impressed. But before The Drip could begin a dissertation on Schopenhauer, an avenue of escape opened, and The Roteg made a successful dash for the inner bowels of the building, where it remained for some time, completely ignorant of Schopenhauer.

"Dreadful!" exclaimed The Drip. "There are too many people who think that Arts means art instead of arts, or don't think about it at all." He paused in horrified contemplation of the people who don't think about it at all.

"What we need is publicity," said The Droop, who had a nasty commercial streak in him.

"I think perhaps this is once when you are right," The Drip remarked, surprising even himself by his condescension. "There are too many women in the Faculty of Arts. It is well known that members of the feminine sex are singularly lacking in intelligence."

The Droop was wrapped in contemplation of the other characteristics of the feminine sex.

"Women," The Drip went on, "are unable to carry on intellectual conversation, and thus fail to convey

(Continued on Page 4)

With The Dents

By
Cuspid

Boy! Wotta dance!

What we're doing is starting this column off with the choicest morsel of Dental activity so far in '41-'42. We start with the dessert and end up with the necessities, and as we remarked at the beginning, it was one glorious evening. The Dents came to pass, officially, when all the lads with their lassies gathered at the Acadia Hall last Monday between the hours of 9:30 and 12:30. That last remark sort of gives a hint as to the informality of the occasion. And we are pleased to report that it was really informal.

We're not quite sure who the master of ceremonies was, but if it was Dickson, he has a good sideline there. Which brings up a point we've been wanting to emphasize for some time now. It concerns the power of the Dents. With song, we mean. There's been lots of evidence in the lab that we have a flock of singing stars, and now we're convinced of it. If it could be organized and put over, it's a safe bet that certain noises occasionally emanating from that lean-to alongside the Extension Department, would be ashamed into silence.

But this is no time for vengeful thinking. Joy is everywhere. Somebody won a spot dance, and then somebody else won one. We just can't recollect at the time who the lucky parties were, but anyway, they did all right.

The music of Evan Wolfe topped off the spirit of congeniality with appropriate music, ranging from the "at ease" variety to the "black-out" type. It has been rumored that another dance of some proportion might be held before the final pressure sets in this coming spring.

Just a few parting remarks on the dance. The atmosphere was what might be termed just right. A healthy average between the well-known drag 'em out and the stuff 'em up affairs. No offence, boys.

As a prelude to the dance, a raffle was held to heap the combined blessings of the class on one man. The lucky ticket holder was Ralph

LIFE WITH TEACHER- by Alright Pupils, Let's Dance

College of Education students are the people you never see during the day time, unless you happen to find them in Little Tuck between periods. Hard to track down and isolate, those prospective purveyors of progressive education. Four days a week they take courses in St. Joseph's College, the other two are spent overtown practice teaching at McCauley Consolidated School. (On Sundays they catch up on the sleep lost from making what amounts to five eight o'clocks.)

The genus "Education Student" (homo sapientissimus or screwball) consists of three distinct species: undergraduates working towards a Junior Diploma permitting them to teach in Grades VII to XI inclusive; graduates trying for a Senior Diploma which adds up to Grade XII; others who take special short courses, or Education subjects as Arts credits.

The four professional courses are: Education 54: The philosophy of education, taught twice a week by Dr. Argue, once by Dr. MacDonald. Education 56: Education Psychology, Dr. LaZerte.

Education 58: Practice teaching, with lectures by Dr. LaZerte, Dr. Argue and Mr. Salter. Education 59: Educational Administration, Dr. Argue.

There are also four special subjects: Health and Physical Education, Dramatics, Art and Music. And, of course, reference books, dozens of 'em. Combine all this with practice teaching lessons to be prepared and delivered—well, perhaps you begin to understand why College of Education people are seldom observed standing one one foot in the Arts rotunda.

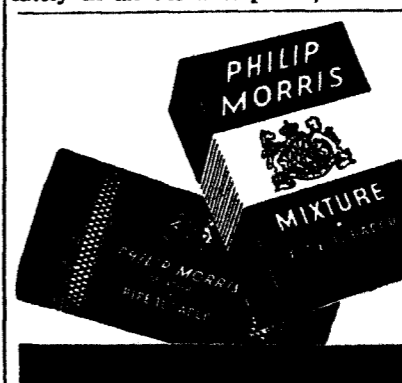
But life isn't all work. The class executive, consisting of President Doris Berry, Vice-President Bob Layton, Secretary Yvonne Misener, Treasurer Paul Matisz, Social Convener Fran Norris, has been active in providing things and stuff for the occasional spare moment. Maybe you saw the Education float in the parade, or can you remember

that far back? The "Skunk Holler Skool" (we thought) was a definite inspiration to the youth of America. Then on October 24, twenty-two of the more energetic of us went for a hike into the woods. It turned out to be mostly hitch, really, since Mr. Argue and his car attached themselves to the party, and were a decidedly welcome addition. For a couple of hours a portion of the river bank reverberated with song and story, led by Wilma Van Deelen and Les Radford. After hot dogs and coffee, we returned home, quote, "tired, but happy." End quote.

The executive has also been instrumental in providing those white sweat shirts which are being seen lately in all the best places, and it

is planning a dance for next week. From the masculine angle, any social affair is bound to be a howling success, since the class ratio is 23 girls to 8 boys. This pleasant set-up may soon be changed, however, and the girls be allowed to bring outsiders to the functions.

Education people are doing their bit in extra-curricular activities such as the Dramatic Society, Philharmonic, Radio Club and The Gateway. Their new status as members of the Students' Union entitles them to a representative on the Council, and someone will be chosen shortly for this position. The Education Dramatic Class plans to produce three one-act plays some time in January.



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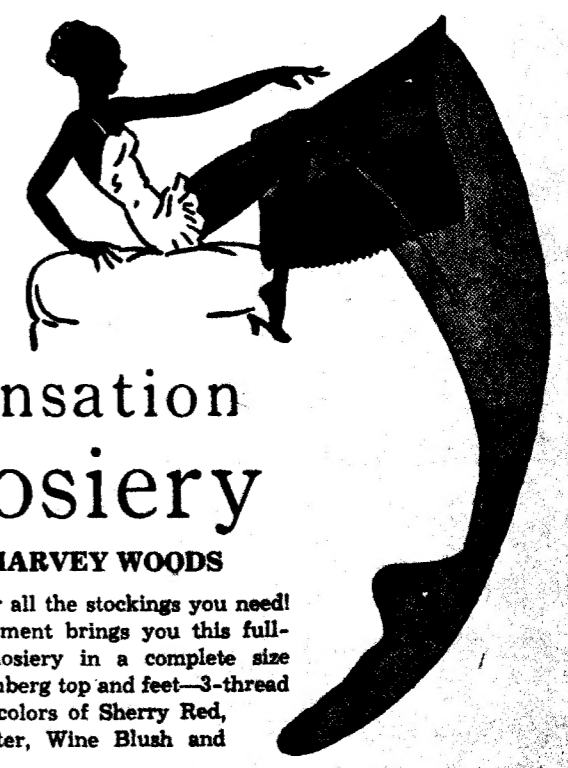
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MOHER



Here is Stan Moher, recently chosen as Supervisor for the Interfaculty Hockey League. He will act as head coach, giving advice and help to the coaches of the teams, as well as supervising the smooth functioning of the league. Mr. Moher is well known here for his success with Senior hockey teams in the past, as well as for his work with Edmonton Athletic clubs of several years ago. He has had a hand in the shaping and developing of many of the west's outstanding stars, and his experience will be valuable in giving the Interfaculty League a thorough grounding in the essentials of hockey. Ice is being made now at the University rink—now situated on the Grid, and will be ready in the near future so that practices can begin shortly. It is hoped to have a few games played before Christmas.

CHESNEY



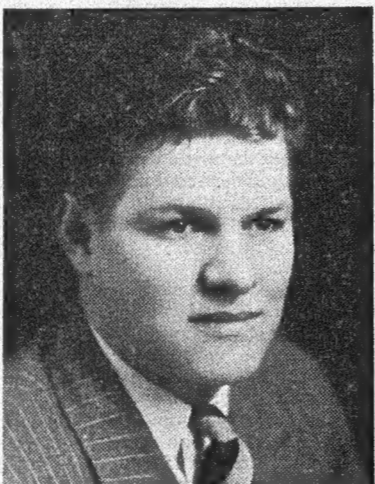
SCHRADER



QUIGLEY



MacKAY



BOB SCHRADER

Bob Schrader needs no introduction to U. of A. sport fans. Chosen to coach the Ag-Com-Law team in the hockey league this year, Bob brings a wealth of experience as qualification for the job. At 22, he has seen six years of organized hockey, and more.

In 1935-36-37 he campaigned for Olds High School, and turned in many a creditable performance for those teams, but during those years he also played in the Central Alberta Hockey League. Those were lean years for hockey in Olds. Ill equipped and with no money for travelling expenses, the boys had to tour the circuit out of their own pockets, and this is a good indication of the position that hockey enjoys in Western Canada.

Schrader came to the U. of A. in the fall of 1939, and played that winter in the Interfaculty League as a member of the Arts-Com-Law team. This outfit led the league all year, in fact burned up all opposition until they met the Engineers in the playoffs. Suffering a reversal of fortune, the Arts-Com-Law dropped the finals for their only two losses of the year. Schrader turned in first-class performances in every game, and finished well up with the leaders in the scoring race.

Last season, 1940-41, he played with the Golden Bears, a team without a league. The Bears of last year played a few games with the Edmonton Juniors, but in their orphaned status, more or less coasted, and were beaten rather frequently. Such a team provided some fun, but not many breaks for Bob Schrader.

Bob is an up and coming type of athlete, plays steadily, and is quick to pick up the fine points of the game. Besides his ability with the

AN INTRODUCTION

This page has been entirely devoted to the introduction to students of the coaches, chosen by Stan Moher, to head the Interfaculty Hockey League. Mr. Moher himself compiled the data given below. Limitations of page space have forced the rather unusual arrangement that is found on the page.

Every effort is being made to get students interested in this league, which promises to be the finest interfaculty league that the campus has ever had. There will be no Senior hockey this year, and it has been left to the faculties to keep the game going. There will be an "A" and a "B" League, so that players of all calibres can get into action, and all those interested are requested to line up with their various faculties. The coaches presented on this page are all top ranking players, and can be counted upon to produce good hockey, provided they obtain sufficient player material.

JACK QUIGLEY

Presence of Jack Quigley as a newcomer here this year is a real break for campus hockey circles, for he brings to the University a fine record as a puckster.

A Calgarian, Quigley played most of his hockey in that center, with a couple of seasons in Eastern Canada by way of variety. Like many other young Alberta players, he started in the Midget leagues, as a member of the Knights of Columbus Club. He stayed in this organization for three years, eventually playing the 1937-38 season as a member of the K.C. Juniors. This club cut a wide swath in Southern Alberta, and came north to play E.A.C. in the Alberta finals. The Edmontonians beat them, but not without some difficulty, and Quigley was outstanding for the Calgarians.

The next season found the Columbus Club star in Eastern Canada, a registered student at the University of Toronto. He was granted special permission to play for the St. Michael's College team, coached by cagey Jerry La Flamme. The club did not win the league, but only because it included the great Oshawa team of that year. Quigley and his mates lost a gruelling four-game playoff to the General Motors lads. The Oshawa team included such stars as Billy Taylor, now performing for the Toronto Maple Leafs, Dick Knott and the McAtee brothers, and this aggregation went on to win the Memorial Cup, defeating the Edmonton A.C. Juniors for Dominion honors.

In the 1939-40 season, Jack performed for University of Toronto seniors, under the famous "Ace" Bailey. This club won 21 of 22 games, against such universities as Queen's, McGill, Dartmouth, Yale, Harvard, and Princeton. Quigley had a fine record, compiling 46 points in these 22 games to place second to teammate Don Dunbar's 49 in the scoring race. On two occasions he took complete charge of the scoring for his side, getting all the goals in 4-1 and 4-0 victories, taken from Princeton and Queen's respectively. Last year Quigley was back home in Calgary with Marty Burk's Stampers. Probably his biggest contribution to the cause of the Stamps came on the night of the first playoff game against the Edmonton Flyers. All Jack did was to bag three goals and an assist in a fourth, as the Flyers went down before a 5-1 count.

Young in years—he's only 21—Quigley nevertheless has had plenty of experience, and will give the Arts real leadership. His efforts to guide that gang to an Interfaculty Championship will be watched with interest.

hockey stick, he is well known for his sensational ground gaining exploits with the Golden Bears this fall. He will be out fighting with his team this winter, and can be expected to produce some first-class hockey.

'Art'ful Thoughts

(Continued from Page 3)

any correct impression to outsiders of the true nature of the study of the Liberal Arts. It is a hopeless task for us—I mean for we—few males to carry the entire burden of public relations. Where other faculties have a large and virile male element to activate their—um—activities, our faculty is immobilized by a large and immobile female element.

"It's not right!" screamed The Droop, his radical nature at last aroused. "The women must be done away with!" He paled at the implication involved in his statement, but went on. "The Engineers, the Meds, the Dents—they're all well known. They have banquets, parties, luncheons. There's the Law banquet, the Med Ball, the Engineers' Ball. Why can't there be an Arts Ball!" He lapsed suddenly into licentious contemplation of an Arts Ball he had seen once in Little Bohemia.

"Come, come, you're over-wrought," said The Droop, from his calm intellectual height. "I'll take you to Tuck and you can buy us a coke."

He helped the Droop to his feet, remarking with a wise inflection, "personally, I'm a reactionary."

BRUCE MacKAY

Bruce MacKay, who will coach the Med-Pharm-Dents, was born in Cardston, twenty-one years ago. A big fellows—he tops the scales at 200 pounds—MacKay has been a standout hockeyist for the past half-dozen seasons. During that time various coaches have had him playing defence, center and right wing, in every one of which positions he has been a steady and at times brilliant performer.

MacKay's first organized hockey was played as a member of the Red Deer juveniles in 1935. Shortly after, he moved, with his family, to Edmonton, and 1936 found him campaigning in the interests of the E.A.C. Midgets. This team won the Alberta championship in this division, and Bruce was one of the club's best performers.

In 1937 he had graduated to the juveniles. It was at this time that he became a member of a line that was to stay together for some years, the other members being Jack Simpson and John McGill, now with the Boston Olympics.

The year 1938 found MacKay another notch up the ladder—as a member of the E.A.C. Juniors. This was the club that won the Abbott Cup, emblematic of Western Junior hockey supremacy, but failed to hold a Billy Taylor inspired Oshawa team in the Memorial Cup finals. In the deciding game of the Western finals, Bruce had a really big night. He performed the "hat trick" against none other than Sugar Jim Henry, present New York Ranger goalie, and besides these three goals, he assisted in another to garner four points as the E.A.C. defeated Brandon Elks 9-3.

MacKay closed out his junior hockey career in 1939 with this same E.A.C. team, which fell before Kenora in the Abbott Cup finals.

Last season Bruce met with a serious injury in one of the early practices of the Golden Bears, and was out of hockey for most of the season. However, his outstanding gridiron performances this past fall would indicate that he has completely recovered. Bruce should make a fine playing leader for his gang.

BUD CHESNEY

Bud Chesney, who will guide the destinies of the Engineers, seems fated to close out his University career playing in this year's Interfaculty League. However, he will be remembered for a long time around these halls of learning as one of the finest and most conscientious hockey players to ever wear the U. of A. sweater.

Born at Pocahontas, Alberta, in 1917, Bud played his first hockey in Cadomin as a member of high school and junior clubs.

The 1934-35 season found him chasing pucks for the Edmonton Imperial Juveniles. He helped this aggregation win Northern Alberta honors, playing with such teammates as Don Stanley (remember him?), Percy Davis and Bus Algar. In 1935-36 he was in the Junior League with Reg Moon's South Siders. After leading the league by a wide margin all year, this club did a fold-up in the playoffs, losing out to Safeway Canadians. Joe Benoit, now a member of the Montreal Canadiens, was also with the South Siders at this time.

Chesney was back in the Coal Branch the next year, playing senior hockey with Luscar, but the season following found him attending the University of Alberta and embarking on his career as a college hockeyist.

Bud experienced nearly all of the thrills of hockey while a member of Golden Bear teams. He journeyed to Los Angeles when the Alberta team went south to tangle with Arnold Eddy's University of Southern California Trojans in 1938; he was a member of the Western Intercollegiate Champions in 1938-39-40; he was intercollegiate scoring champion in the 1939-40 season, well out in front with 29 points, and has always been up among the leaders in other years, no matter what the class of competition.

A great team man who used grand skating ability to become a superb defensive, as well as offensive star, Chesney has been a credit to this institution. His clever playmaking at center has been the nucleus of many a Golden Bear victory in the past. The boys who are playing for him now are performing for a high class fellow and a really outstanding hockeyist.

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ROXY, for three days starting Saturday—"It's In the Air" starring the one and only George Formby, and "Girl From God's Country," with Chester Morris.

AVENUE, for three days starting Saturday—"Spring Parade," with Deanna Durbin, and "Ridin' on a Rainbow," starring Gene Autry.

FAMOUS PLAYERS

STRAND—William Tracy and Kay Harris in "Tillie the Toiler," and Bill Elliott in "Hands Across the Rockies." On our Stage—Friday night only, "Musiquiz."

CAPITOL, now showing—"Honky Tonk" with Clark Gable and Lana Turner. Coming Saturday—Orson Welles in "Citizen Kane."

EMPRESS, starting Friday, Nov. 18—"Sun Valley Serenade" with Sonja Henie, John Payne, and Glen Miller and his Orchestra.

GARNEAU, now showing—Abbott and Costello, "Hold That Ghost," and added shorts. Coming Mon., Tues., Wed.—"Wild Geese Calling," and added attractions.

PRINCESS, Fri. and Sat.—"The Great Dictator," also "Nifty Nineties." Mon., Tues.—"Pot of Gold," also "Ride, Tenderfoot, Ride," with Gene Autry.

Seniors

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